Now will I queſtion *Caſsio* of *Bianca*;
A huſwife that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelfe bread and cloathes: it is a Creature,
That dotes on *Caſsio*: as tis the ſtrumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent.* Caſſio.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.

Caſ. Alas poore Catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.

Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith ſhe loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
Goe to, well ſaid.

Iag. She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?

Caſ. I marry her? I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, laugh that wins.

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine elſe,

Oth. Ha you ſtor'd me well.

Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhee haunts me in euery place, I was tother day, talking on the ſea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, by this hand ſhe fals thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſsio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me; ſo hales, and puls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber,
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her company. *Enter* Bianca.

Iag. Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another ficho; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane by this haunting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane by that ſame handkercher, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I muſt take out the whole worke, a likely peece of worke, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caſ. How now my ſweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my handkercher.

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caſ. Faith I muſt, ſhee'll raile i'the ſtreete elſe.

Iag. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Faith I intend ſo.

Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you, for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ. Prethee come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iago*?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O *Iago*,

Iag. And did you ſee the handkercher?

Oth. Was that mine?